### "S'Matter, Pop?" By C. M. Payne













The New IP 'America" Makes the Hippodrome a National Institution.

## BY CHARLES DARNTON.

HT NOT let a baby tell the story? That chubby papoose in its portable crib that opened its eyes with delight when its straight-haired mether pinched its cheeks at the Hippodrome on Saturday night left nothing to

be said. Like the rest of us, that amazed papoose discovered "America."

The least we can say in our awkward, grown-up fashion, is that "America."

makes the Hippodrome a national institution. The truth, no matter how stilled, must "out" on this patriotic occasion. This is not saying that the Hippodrome has any artistic right to add another star to its triumphant flag, for in this insace it has merely plucked a feather from the cagle's white. That wing, as you know, has already spread itself over the greatest show in the world. But if the COLEMAN.

opening of the Panama Canal is as successful as the opening of the Hippo drome the man who is digging it may sasure himself that he is in for s Happy New Year.

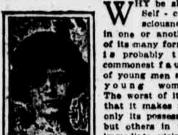
And right here is where we must raise our hat very high to Arthur Voestlin. Without consulting engineers or any of the workmen who are going to the rock-bottom of things on the Isthmus, we must say that Mr. Voegtlin has anticipated American history by cutting a straight path through the biggest scene on any map: With all its revelations "America" discloses nothing so impressive as that mighty steamship passing slowly and majestically, with smoke trailing from its stacks, through the Culebra Cut. This really great scene is not merely a thing of the theatre, it is a symbol of progress. The splendid ship, with deck upon deck alight, carries illusion to such a degree

It is a pity that Mr. Vosetlin did not keep his surprisingly beautiful pic-ture of Niagara Falls to glorify "America." for in spite of the wonders he has achieved, the picture is not complete without it. Although thousands have seen Niagara within a block of

nd street, it is worth repeating. In fact, such a scene as Voegtlin's unning reproduction of the Falls is needed to give the last artistic touch to It belongs there. To emphasize this point it is only necessary to draw attention to the fact that on Saturday night the enthusiasm of the audience was never roused as it has been by other Hippodrome spectacles. This is merely not said in the spirit of criticism There is no need to turn verbal somersaults over the Hippodrome at this late

day. That journalistic specialty is a thing of the past. The Hippodrome has long since established itself as the greatest show on earth. Still, its strongest appeal be, and ever will be, to the eye. And for this very simple reason it must have an overwhelmingly beautiful and effective scene-something to strike you b and leave you with nothing but exclamations of the most incoherent sort.

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# It Can't Be Done!



# Stop Thief! The Great Laugh-Story of the Summer Novelized From the Successful Play of the Same Title &

## My Hunt for a Wife A New York Bachelor's "Quest of the Golden-Gold" By Victor J. Wilson.

1913, by The Fram Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). 12-MY HOMELY SWEETHEART.

HEN a man visualises his dream-girl, in addition to granting her all, the virtues of mind and soul, he graces her with beauty of face and form. Never does a man think of himself as losing his reason ever a homely woman. When he does fall in large with the season ever a homely woman. a homely woman. When he does fall in love with such a girl she has the advantage over her pretty sister in knowing that her worthy, and enduring qualities and not merely an outer shell have won the admiration

I was the last man on earth to become enamored of any but a "an looker" and my record of "winners" would have been hard to exceed. For what man is not fired by a pretty face? What man is proud of a homely cast. But therein lies the flaw. Who could convince a man caught in the spell of

a woman lacking in comeliness that he had over considered her unlovely?

Needing a friend indeed, I turned to Elsa N—who could not beset one
good feature. Her large brown eyes bulged, her nose swerved from the streight path it should have adhered to, her teeth protruded and her cheeks were too round. But from these blemishes of countenances radiated a sweet, kindly

I was one of Elas's men friends who considered himself in no danger of falling in love with her. Feeling safe was the reason of my downfall. I implied the dearness of her nature, the sweetness of her dispattion and the imbited the dearness of her nature, the sweetness of her disposition and the nobility of her character until I was her very slave. And I asked her to

marry ma.

Happy as I was, I wanted all to share my loy. For hours at a time Bisa listened to my praises of Ernest T., my friend who was studying medicine in Germany. I told her I was not half good enough for her, but that Ernest was a man who came up to her standard. She scoided me when I belittled myself and said I would do very well as I was.

In lragthy epistles I extelled Elsa's virtues to Ernest and teasingly wrote him that I had the very girl whom fate had intended for him. I wanted my sweetheart Elsa and my best friend Ernest to know each other as I knew them.

Ernest came home at Christmas time and they met. There is something in preparing two people to fall in love. Ernest and Elsa and each other. And the damage was irreparable.

damage was irreparable.

I knew at once what had happened between them. Ernest behaved as one's best friend should and Elsa was all that a true woman could be.

I was the one who stood between their happiness. But they intended to play fair. For a month or so we went on pretending—all three of us very unkappy. Then I reasoned that if Elsa married me there would be two miserable peoplemy wife and my best friend; but if I gave up my love I would be the only one to lose. It is hard to make a noble nature accept a sacrifice. But after much urging I convinced Ernest and Elsa that the only way any of us could be happy was for them to marry.

was for them to marry.

# As true lovers cannot remain parted for long, they at last consented to give in to my reasoning. And so I was again doomed to wander, a lonely bachelor, in quest of what fate might hold for me.

## A Glimpse Into New York Shops

R UBBER hatbands are a novelty in at 10 cents. Sine 63x84 is 15 cents.

A practical holder for the paper towols can be had in nickel at 50 cents. a touch of color to the plain cap, or they can be converted into streamers and come in sealed parkages, containing caught together by a few rubber buds. band will make an attractive bathins eller are the new hygienic epongen, as cap. The bands are 25 cents. A black they are termed. These are morely-rubber cap of exceptional quality made compressed tablets of absorbent est-

"Have you, mother?" sail William Carr. "Then I have no objection. It's reverently by the side of the girl who had done so much for him, and for plied his wife with that air of wisdom which sits so well on matrons of Mrs. Carr. "Ours wasn't," ventured Mr. Carr. "Gurs wasn't very anxious for his wife to hear the remark. She did hear it, how toward his mouth, as it chanced, and safe manufacturers in Chief cago—a young man with "Gashing brown eyes, a ruddy" "Gurs wasn't," ventured Mr. Carr. "Gurs wasn't," ventured

The soft creps paper he a pick rubber cap can be purchased for a package.

A pickage and with the addition of the Another convenience for the trav-